1: Burrows--83B (1947-48) Woleaians
116, 321, 202 Ifalik

"Conch shells are used as trumpets (taui). In Ifalik the hole used for a mouthpiece is made, not by cutting off the pointed end, but by drilling in one side. The long-drawn monotone of such a trumpet summons the people to public meetings, and warns off evil in several rituals. One trumpet hangs from a branch of a small dead tree stuck in the ground beside the channel between the two inhabited islands. An obvious use there would be to summon a canoe from the other side for a ferry. But I never happened to see it so used. One night when a school of bonito had been surrounded by seines, natives in canoes kept several conch shell trumpets (as well as one or two navy boatswain's whistles) sounding over the lagoon all night."

1: Burrows--142-143 (1947-48) Woleaians
202 Ifalik

"There was a certain amount of formality about the proceedings [KS: public meeting]. Although informal announcements of them spread by word of mouth a day or two before, the formal call was issued (for two of the three we saw) by the lowest-ranking chief, Toromann. . He took a conch-shell trumpet, went out on one of the stone piers [142] projecting into the lagoon from Katelū, and blew repeated long blasts."

2: Damm et al. --208 (1909) 1938 Woleaians
116, 534, 202, 524 Faraulep

The only musical instrument is the conch shell (tâui; mouthpiece - eoâl, sound hole - nân, to blow - xânum), and it is used for signalling and for religious invocations rather than for musical edification. Bull-roarers and leaf pipes are used for children's toys.

6: Senfft--57
116, 202, 321

(no date) 1905

Woleaians
Woleai
Lamotrek

As a horn for signalling they use a (Triton?) shell (tani) and punch a hole in it.

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

qualms. He asked Tom if he could not arrange a crew to take his wa terach, sea-going canoe, and go along. Tom said he could, but that he would have to get permission from the chiefs.

When the decision was made to sail that Monday morning, Ted had high hopes that he could go along. He made it seem very simple. I didn't know whether to volunteer to go along or not; I don't know whether he would have taken me anyway, but I was scared at the prospect of having to make some decision. But the decision was taken away from us.

We heard Maroligar blowing on his conch shell down by the beach, to call the chiefs together. Shortly after, the three navigators from Satawal came to pay us a farewell call, along with Fagolier, Maroligar and Tom. Tom announced to Ted the chiefly decision:

"Those chief 'e say 'no'. Suppose too much wind. Suppose typhoon 'e come. That canoe 'e go roll, roll, roll. Bimeby fall down in salt water. You *die*.

"Suppose you want go 'nother island, 'e got steamer. 'E got that Navy boat. You take 'im."

I felt a great sense of relief. Ted took it nobly, though surely his last chance for this great anthropological scoop was going with those canoes. He couldn't question the chiefly decision: but he could at least use the incident to show that chiefly government on Ifaluk was operating, and that the chiefs felt secure enough to deny a request backed by the enormous prestige of an anthropologist representing the occupying American power.

Ted decided he would at least get as thorough a description of the embarkation as he could. He put a case of corned beef in the rowboat and we set out for Falalap, Bakal and a friend at the oars and Don and me armed to the teeth with cameras. We got there just in time to see the last of the three big canoes rolled down into the water, and to follow the provisioning and stowing of the baggage—mostly big wooden chests that looked as though they might be of Japanese manufacture. Finally the passengers started to embark. The few women and children among these crawled into little thatched huts built out over the water on each canoe, on the opposite side from the outriggers. It certainly looked like cramped quarters.

41: Bates & Abbott N-5 (1953) 1958
OR21 Woleai OR21
Ifaluk

CHAPTER IV

FISHING—AND BAKALIZING

TUESDAY morning was started by one of the chiefs blowing a series of resonant blasts, down by the lagoon shore, on a horn made from a large Triton shell. This was the signal for a general assembly. The chiefs had decided that the island needed cleaning up, and word had gone round that the start should be made today. The ground of the coconut grove along the lagoon had been littered with trash ever since the storm, particularly noticeable on the fine lawn of Japanese temple grass around the Fan Nap.

The cleaning was unhurried. The ground was swept with short brooms made from coconut leaves or from old coconut flower stalks with the branches held together by a binding of sennit cord. Much of the sweeping was done from a comfortable sitting or squatting position and the trash was gathered into neat piles to be burned later. The clean-up started at the south end of the island, the people gradually working north. At noon, when about half of the Rauau area was finished, Maroligar again sounded the trumpet and everyone knocked off for the day.

Don and I spent the morning trying to get things more organized around camp. There were Don's drums to be unpacked. He now had a typewriter and a small but very useful reference library and all sorts of goodies like specimen jars, thermometers, hydrometers for measuring salinity, and extra trousers which had been used for packing material. I promptly scrounged a pair of trousers. I had come to the